

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Accepting Assignments

BY SEFTON LEE.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

JEAN GRANBY sat among the pillows on the window seat. Her mother and father and her aunt and uncle, who had come in to spend the evening, sat around the fireplace. They had gone through their usual thorough discussion of the temperature as compared with October evenings of former years. Jean's brother Jack, who stood by the library table puffing a cigarette, picked up the Evening Argus and looked carefully over its four pages.

Gee! A deaf and dumb and blind man could get up more news than this paper prints, was his sweeping criticism.

Well, isn't news a record of things that happen? asked Jean.

Search me, laughed Jack. What is news, anyway, Uncle Art?

I should say that news is a record of anything that has recently happened, said Judge Atwood seriously, or of anything not before known, though it may have happened some time previously.

Then I call it a farce to try to have a newspaper in Marsh-ton, said Jean.

Why, Jean, her mother mildly rebuked, I consider that Mr. Edwards gives us a very good paper, with all the leading events faithfully chronicled.

I'm not blaming Mr. Edwards, mother; but if news is a record of what happens, nobody could run a good newspaper in a town where nothing ever happens.

What you should do, Jean, said Jack teasingly, is to supply a bit of news yourself, so that Marsh-ton folks might read at high noon today two prominent families were united when Mr. Hiram Peabody, led Hymen's altar Miss Jean Olivia Granby, the beautiful and accomplished—

Jean interrupted him with a contemptuous sniff, and he broke off with this resort: Talk about the inconsistency of woman, will you? You growl because the Argus has no news and then scorn the idea of supplying it. Jack dropped his head and shielded it with his hands to ward off imaginary missiles as he passed Jean on his way to the hall.

The thoughtless brother had given Jean a suggestion which she thought over all during the evening. The next morning, she astonished Mr. Archibald Edwards by appearing in his sanctum and asking for a job as reporter on the Argus.

Why, Miss Granby, nothing would please me more if it were practicable, or even possible, stammered the surprised editor, as he rose from his rummy seat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

Now, Mr. Edwards, first let me tell you what a practical and possible I have. Jean was convincingly in earnest, and she made a charming picture in a trim blue cheviot suit and a Highland cap with a bit of plaid ribbons dangling from it. Her dark eyes flashed and her color deepened as she unfolded her plan, which was to arouse "the social and the civic spirit of Marsh-ton by a persistent appeal through the Argus. There was to be a column headed, "It's Up to You," another headed "The Women Can Help," and another, Marsh-ton's Many Merits. There were to be frequent articles to interest the children, occasional reminiscences, interviews with older citizens and a general write-up of the town's business enterprises.

Truly a promising plan, said Mr. Edwards, but it would be a gigantic task to carry it out, and my office force is small.

But I'm asking you to increase it by taking me on, said Jean, with a winning smile, and an hour later Mr. Edwards was unable to tell whether it was the bonnie smiles of the applicant or the plausibility of her plan that had induced him to take her on.

The plan worked so well that a few weeks after Jean began her work on the paper there were many evidences

SMARTEST OF THE SMART STREET HATS



THE NEW OSTRICH FEATHER TURBAN—the very latest and one of the most original designs from Paris, a hat that is pointed out as THE SMART THING for street wear. It is of currant red, made of many ostrich feathers. On each side of the turban the feathers hang loose from the hat, small beads dangling from the ends. Milady is eagerly securing suitable shades in this model for fall and winter.

that Marsh-ton was beginning to shake off its social and civic stagnation. In the Argus office rushing actively became the daily programme in all departments. The advertising columns grew with the general infusion of new life, and the boiler-plate columns became only a memory.

On the same morning that the foreman's wife telephoned the office of her husband's illness with the grip Mr. Edwards had a violent seizure of lumbago. Jean faced the crisis bravely, but she realized the impossibility of getting the paper out in any sort of shape with the two main-springs of the machinery missing. She remembered having heard Mr. Edwards say that his nephew, now a reporter on a city daily, had been a most promising all-round newspaper worker when he left the Argus office a few years before. Something had to be done quickly, and Jean decided to telegraph for the nephew, for there wasn't an available man in Marsh-ton. She didn't even ask Mr. Edwards' advice, not wanting to add to his discomfort by letting him know that the foreman had failed them.

She lost no time in sending the following message to Bert Edwards, in care of the Record-News:

Down with lumbago. Foreman has grip. Important issues delayed. Can you help out a few days? Uncle George.

An hour later this reply to the message reached the office.

Will arrive at two p. m. and go direct to office. Bert.

It was then ten o'clock and the first edition should be out by one, so Jean rolled up the sleeves of her soft white shirt waist and for the next three hours fluttered back and forth from editorial desk to composing and printing rooms. It was one-thirty when the first edition was out and there was not a minute to be spared in getting it on the outgoing trains to nearby towns.

When Jean sat down at the desk to snatch a bit of lunch her cheeks were flushed and her hair was rumpled, but she was fairly satisfied with

the day's achievements so far. She was turning the damp pages of a paper just off the press with one hand and holding a remnant of cracker and a piece of cheese in the other when the office door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered man entered the room. It had evidently been more than a few years since that man had been merely a promising boy, yet Jean rightly guessed that he was Mr. Edwards' nephew.

Mr. Bert Edwards? she asked, and there was a slight twinkle in the man's gray eyes as he inclined his head affirmatively.

I am Miss Granby, special writer on the Argus, but today I've been editor and foreman as well. I'm going to ask you to take hold of the foreman's work at once so as to get the home edition out promptly. When that is done we can work together on tomorrow's editorial page. I've got to give the next two hours to some special interview stuff.

Thus coolly did Jean assume the generalship, and the tall man accepted the assignment without letting her see his amused smile as he turned away. For the next two days, he did cheerfully and went about what should be done. When things got to running smoothly and Jean's mind was freed from its anxiety, she began to take more notice of this singularly silent but competent young man, but on the morning of the third day Mr. Edwards returned to the office.

Bert, my boy, it was like you to help me out in a pinch, he said, in greeting his nephew, and Miss Granby, it was like you to know what to do in an emergency. I'm glad you sent for Bert. But how did your chief happen to let you off, Bert?

I'm pretty much my chief, Uncle George, and I had two capable young fellows to leave at my desk.

At your desk? Why, what's your position now? asked his uncle.

City editor, said Bert quietly, with a fleeting glance at Jean, who vanished blushing into the next room. Half an hour later, when Mr. Edwards was deep in his accumulation of mail, Bert encountered Jean among some old newspaper files. She came to him at once with her hand extended in apology, and her shy confusion helped to make her unusually attractive looking.

I hope I haven't seemed unpardonably priggish, she said, giving assignments to a superior. I was so concerned about getting out the paper that I lost all sense of everything else for a time. Bert held her hand and looked straight into her eyes.

They were such agreeable assignments that I wish they might continue indefinitely, he said.

Annual Chicken Supper.

The ladies of the First M. P. church will serve their annual chicken supper early in October. The date and menu will be announced soon.

EAST SIDE NEWS

Elected Officers.
A social meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Diamond Street M. E. church was held last evening following the annual election of officers. The new officers are: President, Mrs. J. L. Leach; vice president, Mrs. Cora Morrow; secretary, Mrs. Neta Hamers; treasurer, Mrs. Edward Gilhart; secretary of flower committee, Mrs. Anna Prickett. There was a large attendance at the meeting last night. Rev. J. B. Workman made an interesting address and delicious refreshments were served.

Attended Fair.
Mrs. John S. Pople and daughter, Miss Lulu, and Miss Lillie Bartlett attended the Clarksburg fair Wednesday.

Here from Halleck.
Milton Price and daughter, Miss Frankie, and Jay Price, of Halleck, were called here yesterday by the illness of the former's daughter, Miss Alta. Miss Price was operated on yesterday at Cook hospital, and is recovering from the operation in an encouraging manner.

Due Tea.
The Ladies' Aid Society of the First M. P. church will hold a Due Tea at the church Thursday evening, September 28. At this time each member is expected to be present, prepared to pay her dues. A social evening will be spent by the ladies, and refreshments will be served.

Went to Charleston.
Miss Grace Stanley, of East Park avenue, left yesterday for Charleston to visit L. L. Price and family.

Personals.
Mrs. Rebecca Robinson and Miss Gertrude Waters have returned from a visit with relatives at Barrackville. Bud Jenkins attended the Clarksburg fair Wednesday. Mrs. Marshall Prunty, of Pullman, arrived here last night to visit her daughter, Mrs. John Long.

HEALTH HINTS

As soon as the windows start going down the pneumonia death rate will start going up.

It is estimated that 10 per cent of the deaths in the United States result from pneumonia.

Principally it affects those at the extremes of life, but no age is exempt.

It is invariably a germ disease. The predisposing and exciting organisms are so numerous it would be futile to attempt to list them.

Many of them are constantly in the mouths and throats of healthy persons and it is only through the aid which we unwittingly extend to them that they are transformed from harmless organisms to one of man's most powerful enemies.

The presence of other diseases is the great predisposing cause of pneumonia. They prepare the soil for the invasion.

When the gripe season descends upon us danger from pneumonia looms greatest, for gripe is a guide for the germs of the former.

Inflammation of the upper air passages, pharyngitis, bronchitis and tonsillitis often lead to the development of pneumonia particularly among the aged and infirm.

The acute contagious diseases of childhood, more especially measles and whooping cough, frequently prepare the way for pneumonia.

J. P. F.—"Can you give me a remedy for eczema?"

Take sulphur and molasses, and epsom salts. Bathe frequently in hot water.

Don't Suffer Longer

and allow yourself to become grouchy, upset, nervous and depressed. These conditions usually indicate a disordered digestive system, which, if neglected, may be hard to remedy. Remove the disturbing element and put your digestive organs in good working order by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They gently stimulate the liver, act on the bowels, tone the stomach—purify the blood and regulate the system. These benefits are particularly marked by women at such times when nature makes special demands upon their vitality. They act promptly and safely.

The next time you feel low-spirited and out of sorts, take Beecham's Pills. Their sure, mild, thorough action will

Give Quick Relief

Special Directions of Value to Women are with Every Box Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I have not yet answered Malcolm Stuart's letter! I felt it was not right for me to answer it.

But oh, little book, how I did want to write him, especially after Ellene had told me Malcolm—yes, little book, I have grown to call him that in my thoughts just as he says he calls me Margie—had asked her to take his right for a four weeks' cruise.

I have not told Dick about it yet. I thought I would not do so until I was back in my old rooms at Mrs. Selwin's. I am going Saturday.

"I shall be glad to have you back, Margie," Mrs. Selwin told me, "for it has been lonely without you. Even when you were ill you brought youth, gaiety and joy to the old house. You will stay with me as long as I live, won't you, dear?"

"Have you noticed Dick looks very much worried lately?" she asked suddenly. With much shame, little book, I had to confess I had not. I could not help contrasting this kindly woman with Dick's mother who was here yesterday.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

She said she and Mr. Trent will buy a place so she could entertain properly. "You know, Margie," she said, "I was never able to do the things I wanted to do when Mr. Waverly was alive."

Shades of our ancestors! Poor old dad nearly wore himself out to give that woman what she wanted, and the surprising part of it all was he loved her. And now she has another who apparently is as well satisfied with her.

What is there about her that could attract and hold such splendid men?

I shall be glad to have you back, Margie," Mrs. Selwin told me, "for it has been lonely without you. Even when you were ill you brought youth, gaiety and joy to the old house. You will stay with me as long as I live, won't you, dear?"

"Have you noticed Dick looks very much worried lately?" she asked suddenly. With much shame, little book, I had to confess I had not. I could not help contrasting this kindly woman with Dick's mother who was here yesterday.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.

She is supremely happy—the first woman I know who is content. It sounds cattish, doesn't it, little book? I guess I am getting better, for in my present state I do not think I could stand much of mother.

I don't wonder Jim Edie calls her "a splendid ruin." She has dyed her hair a red bronze and she has evidently had her face divested of its wrinkles by some Parisian process.

Do you know, little book, it was somewhat uncanny, for Dick's mother's soul has not grown young to match her face. Her whole outlook on life is the same old narrow one, only it has been intensified and nourished by Mr. Trent's wealth. She is typical of our society woman, than which there is no worse type.